

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 12, 1918, was 114,199; an increase of 10,792 over the previous week.

THE GREAT INVESTMENT

The father and mother of one young American killed in action wrote recently to a mother outside whose window back home hangs a two-starred flag, and it is our privilege to quote this passage from their unflinching letter:

"We now know what Lincoln meant by 'the last full measure of devotion'."

"Our soldier was killed in Flanders under the roar of the cannon. He is buried there; and from our point of view, there can be no more glorious resting place for a true patriot, fighting for the world-old cause of liberty, than in the consecrated soil of France."

"He was our all, but since he gave all except his hope of Heaven, we must consecrate ourselves to those who, in the trying days to come, are called to meet the awful shock of war."

"We shall all do our part a little better if we remember that the hearts of this father and this mother are with us now, if we but pray that we may be worthy of their transferred allegiance. For they belong to that company, that growing company, of those who have the greatest stake in this war. In it they have made the great investment."

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

At the convention of the International Dancing Masters' Association held in Chicago, plans were announced for a "dancing masters' unit" soon to embark for France "to instruct American soldiers regarding the newest steps."

It has been said of the A.E.F. that it is a large and patient body of men completely and bewilderingly surrounded by graphophones, movie cameras, canteens, investigators, upholders and professional entertainers. The A.E.F. is getting larger every day. Also, it is getting less patient. And announcements like the foregoing are not exactly calculated to increase its stock-in-hand of the job-like virtue.

We have been polite to most of the investigators. We have been respectful to most of the upholders. We have looked interested and pleasant for most of the professional entertainers. But as for this proposed offensive of the dancing masters—

O Lord, O Lord, what have we done to deserve such a visitation?

IS SPANKING TOO GOOD?

"Where did the field clerk get the right to put on service stripes? They have them on at G.H.Q. All the soldiers are taking them off. They say they won't wear them if the field clerk does."

We have answered the writer personally and told him precisely where field clerk got the right to put on service chevrons. But his query, rather his state of mind, demands more general notice than a personal reply affords.

He has apparently drifted into the wrong army, to begin with. He has apparently forgotten that no war, and this war least of all, can be won by venting a petty spite against a group of your own men, especially when it is vented through such a contemptible and unpatriotic act.

We hold no brief for the field clerk. But we have seen some of them at a headquarters in the vicinity of which a Roche shell landed occasionally, where things were somewhat too busy to permit of their stopping to write letters in their own defense—if it were worth while writing a defense to one so deluded as to think that he speaks for "all the soldiers."

Lay off, "spokesman." This war is against the Kaiser, not against the field clerk.

A LETTER HOME

Abel Katz, late of Salem, Mass., and more recently of Battery D in a certain regiment of Field Artillery, A.E.F., wrote a nice long piece about the war in the form of a letter to his mother. As Mrs. Katz showed it to someone on the home town paper, and as the home town paper immediately printed it with a picture of Abel taken by the best photographer in Salem, we are privileged to reproduce some of its choicer passages. *Les void:*

"We are not eating beef for the present. It costs too much and roast turkey is the substitute. We get it every day. . . . We are the first Americans in the trenches. The regulars are doing guard duty in the big French cities. The Germans started to run back. Battery D of the Salem started to fire in front of them so they could not run away, and when they started to surrender we would not think of it. About six or seven out of 500 Germans got back."

Dear, dear—a gross flattery of the Army mess, an entirely false claim for Abel's division, a baseless slur on the regulars,

and a witless libel on the American Army, all in one well-meaning letter home.

What are we to think of the mental powers of Abel and his like who pen such rubbish?

What are we to think of the mental powers and sense of responsibility of the censor who passes such rubbish and so transmits it to gullible Salem?

And what, oh, what are we to think of the mental powers and sense of responsibility and general right to remain in the newspaper business of whatever editor of the Salem Evening News scatters such rubbish through the homes of a New England town that has not been queer in its head since the days of the Salem witchcraft?

Any one with a decent minimum of knowledge about the A.E.F. could have told that Abel was writing rot. Such a decent minimum is expected of every editor back home. Great expectations—disappointed almost every time we pick up a home town paper!

THANK YOU, GERMANY

The A.E.F. doesn't talk about itself. It may think about itself, it may even think well of itself, but it says nothing about itself. One unit may say of another, "Say, they fought like hell, didn't they?" But it won't say it of its own particular unit.

Still, the A.E.F. appreciates compliments. We like it when the French speak well of us. And we like it when the Germans speak well of us, especially when what they say is embodied in a confidential report that we were never intended to see.

What the Germans think of one American division has recently been disclosed in a document that fell into the hands of the French after an attack to the north of the Chateau-Thierry sector.

"The — American division may be considered a very good division," it says, "perhaps even an assault division. The various attacks of the two regiments upon Belleau Wood were executed with dash and intrepidity. The moral effect of our fire was not able seriously to check the advance of the troops. The nerves of the Americans are not yet worn out."

The report is speaking of one division, rather of two regiments in that division. It just happened to be the — Division. It might have been some other. Do you think the report would have read any differently? It goes on:

"The quality of the men must be characterized as remarkable. They carry themselves well, are well developed physically and are from 16 to 28 years of age. At present, they require only the proper training to make them formidable adversaries."

"The spirit of the men is fresh and full of naive confidence. The following statement by a prisoner is characteristic: 'We kill or we are killed.'"

The paragraphs quoted are headed "Fighting value." Here is what the report has to disclose on "Details concerning the position":

"It was impossible to obtain any facts. The prisoners scarcely indicated the place they had occupied in the line."

Under "General remarks—morale," the report says:

"In general, the prisoners made a good impression. Their manner is alert."

"At present, they still consider the war from the point of view of the 'big brother' who is coming to the assistance of his oppressed brothers and sisters and who is received everywhere in a friendly manner. Their opinions have a certain morale basis; most of the prisoners express themselves with an understandable naïveté and declare that they came to Europe to defend their country."

Well, Germany, we do know what we're fighting for, don't we?

"Only a few of the men are pure Americans by race. The majority of them are the sons of foreign parents. The half-Americans, however, most of whom were born in America and have never been in Europe, express without hesitation purely native sentiments."

We have to file an objection to that word "half-Americans." Otherwise, we are proud to accept the report. The vote is unanimous. Thank you, Germany.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

It is an infamous libel to say, as some do, that the only French the Yank has learned is "Fini."

He can say "C'est la guerre" and has been known to do so on occasions.

He can say "Camouflage" and does say it just about every other sentence.

Above all, he can say "Liaison" and uses that elegant expression for every imaginable form of contact, juncture or union. It seems not improbable that when he goes home at last, he will surprise and grieve the old folks by referring to the Liaison Station at Washington, singing "The Liaison Forever, Hurrah, Boys, Hurrah!" and upsetting the genies' furnishing store around the corner by demanding a liaison suit of underwear.

WE, THE ENVIED

Your old pal who is cussing his luck because he is on the Mexican instead of the Lorraine border writes to you: "Gee, but you boys must be going fine, from all I hear! Gosh, how I envy you!"

That friend of yours who is fighting the war on the Navy side writes: "Gee, but you guys are lucky to be able to get a crack at 'em at first hand! Gosh, how I envy you!"

Your kid brother writes: "Gee, I wish I was a soldier, too, with the A.E.F." And so it goes.

There never was an Army in history more envied by the people that sent it forth than is the A.E.F. There is not a single American, in the service or out of it, who would not change places with any one of us at a moment's notice. There is not a single soul in the States but looks to us, every day, for inspiration and example.

What do they envy us? Not our good looks or our youth or our clothes, but our opportunity for service, where service will count the most in the deliverance of the world. It is a pleasant thing to be thus envied. It is pleasanter still to be worthy of it and the admiration that provokes it. To be worthy of it lies within the reach of every man of us.

The Army's Poets

BILLETS

Dedicated to the gallant peasants of sunny France, who own them, and the officers of the A.E.F., who made the selection for the proletariat.

I've slept with horse and sad-eyed cow,
I've dreamed in peace with bearded goat,
I've laid my head on the rusty plow,
And with the pik done table d'hôte.

I've chased the apple, leaping flea,
As o'er my outstretched form he sped,
And heard the sparkling rooster's crow,
When I chased the rabbit from my bed.

I've marked the dog's contented growl,
His wagging tail, his playful bite;
With guinea pig and wistful owl,
I've shared my resting-place at night.

While overhead, where cobweb lace
Like curtains drapes the oaken beams,
The spiders skipped from place to place
And sometimes danced on my dreams.

And when the morning, damp and raw,
Arrived at last as if by chance,
I've crawled from out the rancid straw
And cursed the stable barns of France.

And sometimes when the day is done
And lengthening shadows pointing long,
I dream of days when there was sun
And street cars in my daily song.

But over here—ah! what a change,
The clouds are German-silver lined—
Who worries when we get the muck?
What hoots it if our shoes are shined?

The day speeds by and night again
Looms up a specter grim and bare;
We trek off to the hush hushed ladder there—
Another biologic night.

Spent in a state sans peace, sans sleep;
And as I soothe some stinging bite,
I mark the gentle snore of sleep,
The small that wots of grassy dell.

Of hillside green where fairies dance,
The vision's past . . . I'm back in Hell—
An ancient stable barn of France.

We've slept with all the gander's flock,
By waddling duck we've slumbered on—
In fact, we've slept with all the stock,
And they will miss us when we're gone.

We've seen at times the nocturnal eyes
Of playful mouse on evening spree,
And the coonwise tread at night on plies
With Brother Louie on a janubree.

We've scratched and fought with foe unseen,
And with the candle hunted wide
For the bug that thrives on Paris green,
But catches in on bichloride.

Perchance may come a night of stars,
Perchance the snow drift through the tile,
Perchance the civil face of Mars
Peeks in and shows his wicked smile;

'Tis then we dream of other days
When we were free and in the dance,
And followed in the old time ways
Far from the stable barns of France.

LETTERS

My buddy reads his letters to me, and, say, he sure can write!

I have to sit and chew my pen and even then
The way it reads when I get through I know it's
pretty sad.

As far as composition goes; the grammar, too, is
bad.
But talk about—gee, he can sling the ink to beat
the band.

And picture everything he's seen a way that sure
is grand.

I got him to write a note to my gal and, golly,
it was fine!
I copied it and signed my name, but, all the
same,
It didn't seem to please her, for she wrote in her
reply
She'd read it several times and it didn't sound
like
I was sayin' exactly what I meant, and was I
feelin' good!

I'm kind of glad she took it so—in fact, I hoped
she would. MRS. RYDER.

"DIRECTED TO PROCEED"

There's a vacant spot on the billet floor
Where he'd spread his blankets after mess:
No side arms on the dusty floor—
"Soldier gear," one friend the less.

There where his gas mask used to swing
Another guy has hung some pants;
The hooks that held his gas can sling
Wear nothin' but the rust of France.

I lie on my bunk, an' I watch a spider
Weave a web in the billet room.
An' I think of the time when he'd drink cider
An' promenade an' eat our "oof."

Gosh, the times we had together!
We was a pair dem bustin' heat
Our gas masks, in a word, was beat.
Dotted up to give the girls a treat.

On guard we'd get on the same relief,
At night he'd fall in next to me,
An' we'd scheme to share the doughboy's grief
An' cuss together on K.P.

We'd talk of the time when the gang would go
Up the line to meet the Hun,
An' the kinds of stuff us two would show
With our bombs an' bayonets an' guns.

But orders came, an' he left today,
With his eyes glowin' an' his chin held high;
An' he grinned at me as I said goodbye,
An' I grinned at him as I said goodbye.

A partin' joke an' a good handshake—
"Goodbye, ol' kid, an' take care!"
An' he showed the spirit that'll make
The Hun run plumb through the gates of Hell.

Well, I won't crab an' fret an' pine,
For, about ten years or so from now,
They may take me up on the line
With some outfit, somehow, somehow.

BEEN THERE?

Did you ever hear a bullet whizz,
Or dodge a hand grenade?
Have you watched long lines of trenches dug
By doughboys with a spade?

Have you seen the landscape lighted up
At midnight by shell fire?
Have you seen a hillside blazing forth
Like the furnace room in Hell?

Have you camped overnight in a ruined town
With a rafter for a bed,
With the horses stamping underneath
In the morning when they're fed?

Have you heard the crump-crumps whistling?
Do you know the dud-shell's grunt?
Have you played rat in a dogout?
Then you've seen the Hun's front!

EDGAR C. OERTZ, 1st Lieut., F.A.

OUTSIDE!

Oh, I've had a turn at shov'lin'!
And just now I'm workin' here,
An' I'm thinkin' of the trials
Of a (Railway) Engineer.

Yes, I wonder as I thunder
On my trucky Underwood,
If all these From: To: Subjects:
Are a-doin' any good.

While the battles are a-ragin':
Here I sit alone and think:
"How many battles were there
Ever won by pen and ink?"

Oh, the airplanes are a-whizzin'
"Up you yonder in the clear,
And thinkin' of the 'doin' 'em
While I'm sittin' way back here!"

Yes, they're fillin' rowdy Heineins
Up with bullets—no like me—
Who am sittin' here and fillin'
Figures in on form N-3.

Sure, there must be thrills in wartime,
But I want to put you wise:
That you're never goin' to find 'em
In the Service of Supplies!

I don't claim that I'm a hero,
And I may not be worth much,
But I think that I'd be able
To do somethin' to the Dutch!

Oh, some other Genies got there,
When they let 'em know it, too,
And they drew a bead on Heinein
And they let the daylight through!

But when all things are considered,
I'm not sheddin' any tears,
For there's always some chance for us
Of the (Railway) Engineers!

C. R. T., — Engrs. (Ry.).

THE HAND OF MANKIND



FROM THE FLEET

When Bishop Brent, chief of the chaplains of G.H.Q., paid a visit recently to the fleet, he carried with him a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to the Commander of the fleet. In that letter General Pershing wrote: "Those of us who are privileged to serve in the Army and Navy are to one another as brothers. Spaces of land and sea are nothing where a common purpose binds. We are so dependent upon one another that the honor, the fame, the exploits of the one are the honor, the fame, the exploits of the other. If the enemy should dare to leave his safe harbor and set his ships in battle array, no cheers would be more ringing, as you and our Allied fleets moved to his defeat, than those of the American Expeditionary Forces in France."

I understand from the Bishop that he read this letter to the assembled crews of our battleships now serving with the Grand Fleet. I doubt very much whether you can really appreciate how much this means to our men and what an encouragement it is to them to know that you appreciate their efforts as much as they appreciate yours.

"I take every occasion to impress upon my forces that they are really a part of the American Army; that they are practically a part of the essential line of communications. I feel quite sure they all understand this thoroughly and that their hearts are with your boys in the field who are bearing the brunt of the fighting."

"We have all been immensely cheered up by the excellent reports we have of the success of your men on the western front. Of course, we knew the kind of record they would make when they had the opportunity, but we also knew that our Allies did not feel so sure of this."

"The result of the recent fighting has been entirely to disabuse their minds of the idea that the American soldier would not prove the equal of any soldiers in Europe, and the record they have made has undoubtedly acted most favorably upon the morale of all the Allied troops, and has been a hard jolt to the Hun."

"In this war, so far as actual fighting is concerned, the Navy is necessarily condemned to comparative inactivity. We so earnestly want to help that if you could suggest any way in which we could be of assistance, we would be very grateful."

In the same vein, Bishop Brent carried a letter to the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet of the Royal British Navy, in which General Pershing wrote:

"We of the American Army wish you to know from our own lips our admiration for and trust in you. Here in France we are near enough to stretch out a friendly hand and pledge to you our best in the common cause. Side by side with you we propose to see this struggle through to a victorious end."

A HOME IMPRESSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Accept my sincere congratulations upon the excellent issues of THE STARS AND STRIPES which we are receiving each week from our overseas friends. It is a great pleasure to read the columns of your inspiring paper.

Each issue brings with it so many messages describing the sincere service and splendid sacrifice of our soldiers that in many homes in America there is a renewed loyalty to our Government, and a stronger determination on the part of those "over here" to stand by you all as we read the columns of your inspiring paper.

The stories of heroism, the poems of fact and fancy, the witty sayings and humorous doings, so well written by your contributors, help to make a publication of remarkable interest and value.

At my last conference with the principals of the public schools of Districts 6 and 7, including the great East Side of New York City from 14th Street south to Houston and Rivington Streets, I made favorable mention of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and requested that extracts from its columns be read at the opening exercises. I also urged its value in supplementary reading. Some of the principals have, therefore, subscribed to your paper, and in many classes extracts will be read in connection with the history, geography, and reading lessons.

Your editorial column has contained some real gems of inspiration, among them "The Honor and the Glory" (issue of May 8), "Doughies and Doughboys" (issue of April 5), "You

Want to Go Home" (issue of April 12) and "The Day It Should Be" (issue of May 24). Some of the poems printed are admirably adapted for public speaking by our pupils. Mention should also be made of the humorous drawings, as well as the patriotic cartoons—"The Girl We're All Fighting For" is specially clever.

Please convey to all who are assisting in preparing your unique paper the sincere thanks and hearty appreciation of the thirty thousand children attending our public schools, and the regiment of teachers and principals who are instructing them.

We are taking "Patriotism" and "Efficiency" as our watchwords, and are training up a new army of young patriots to take the place of their brothers who have already entered the service. We send you all our loyal greetings, and hope and pray that after glorious victory over the Hun, you may return to receive the loving "Welcome Home" of your many American admirers.

Here's for your health and happiness.
Edw. W. STIRT, Dist. Supt. of Schools,
Department of Education,
New York City.

BECOMING A CITIZEN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In May, 1916, I secured my first citizenship papers. My second papers were not due until May, 1918. I recently applied for a commission in the Q.M.C., but was rejected on account of not being a citizen. Will you please advise me if and how I can secure these papers and if Congress did not recently pass a bill automatically making an enlisted man a citizen. I voluntarily enlisted in May, 1917.

Sgt. HERBERT SIMON, — Engrs. Ry.

[Unofficial advice indicates that an act was recently passed by which soldiers may receive final papers in Europe. The order of naturalization, however, is to be effected by a court in the United States on evidence furnished by the soldier. No doubt, in course of time the A.E.F. will receive the regulations and forms of the naturalization bureau under the new law. Until the same are received, there is nothing for a person to do with reference to the completion of his naturalization.—EDITOR.]

ASK THEM

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A few questions which I think might be of interest to enlisted men:

Is there anything not covered by the words "present emergency"?

Why does every officer you meet look for a salute when your girl has her arm linked through yours?

Why is it that a 2nd Lieutenant will call you to attention when under the same circumstances a colonel will say "Rest?"

Why does some recruit always want to horn in front of you in the chow line?

Why are spiral puttees?

What can you buy for 45 francs a month?

Why do officers in the Q.M. wear spurs while riding bicycles?

Sgt. H. G. GRINSTEAD, Q.M.C.

YOUR HOME PAPER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I see where one of your correspondents objects to the sending to France of home town newspapers because they waste valuable cargo space. Another wants them to keep coming, because they are like letters from home.

I think both of these men are right, and therefore I am in favor of doing the only thing possible to show them both that they are right—that is, to compromise.

How about passing up our daily subscriptions, and having one paper sent us a week?

READER.

THE COLONEL IT IS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Please inform me who can O.K. a requisition for parcel post from the States. The postmaster in my home town claims that no one under the rank of colonel can O.K. it.

INQUIRER.

[A colonel must O.K. the requisition. The announcement was made from G.H.Q. this week. See Page 1, this issue.—EDITOR.]

PLAYING THE GAME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Yesterday someone asked why it is that all of the other branches of the service are represented in the columns of our paper except the Cavalry, and whether the Cavalry is the dormant section of the Army.

About seven months ago, when the Cavalry began to arrive in Europe, fresh from the disagreeable work along the border and in Mexico, every man was eager for the required training in order to get at 'em. After visiting numerous "rest" camps and incidentally helping along with the stevedore task, it was learned that "for the present" the Cavalry would do remount duty.

If anyone, during the day or night, would like to see thousands of stubborn mules and horses extricated from a transport, or see men on foot, sweating blood in sunny France, leading these same animals miles to the remount depots which they themselves have established, and then observe the men with the yellow hat cords, or cross-saber collar insignia, loading long trains with animals, after which, which bound for the front, each endeavors to sleep on a sack of oats in a French box car while eight mules are trying to get into that same sack; if one really desires to see healthy Americans smile and cheerfully, with characteristic get 'em pep, build stables, move barracks, juggle the pick, shovel and whitewash brush, improvise water systems and the million and four other things in connection with the establishing of a remount depot, in addition to M.P., K.P., and stable duty; if one thinks this is "laureau," just find the location of one of Uncle Sam's numerous stations and drop in any time between six a.m. and six p.m. any day in the month.

The secret is this: That with every stroke of the pick, shovel, brush and spade, every stable or barrack built or moved; every parasitic diseased animal dipped, goes the sincere hope that soon such conditions will develop as will enable the Cavalry to render more assistance in her